

Tenor

Where the Earth Is Our Belonging

tune: BEACH SPRING 8.7.8.7 D

music: B. F. White, 1844 ("Sacred Harp") adapted

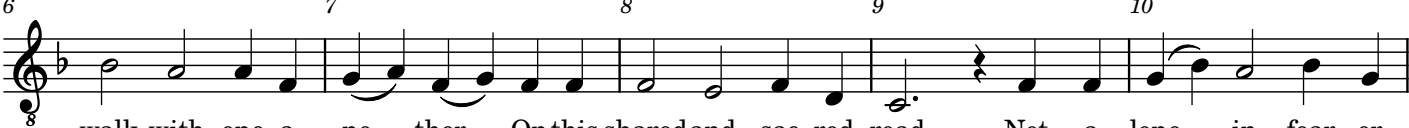
words: Petr Kuzmic with assistance from ChatGPT

$\text{♩} = 120$ 2 3 4 5



8 Where the earth is our be-long-ing, Not by hea-ven's hand be stowed, We shall
Stars and ri vers sing a sto-ry, Ol-der far than writ-ten word, Tel-ling
Let us build a house of wel-come, Hands and voi-ces joined as one; Let each

6 7 8 9 10



8 walk with one a-no-ther On this shared and sac-red road. Not a-lone in fear or
us that life is flee-ting, Yet in eve-ry breath is stirred. From the dust of time we
child and el-der flou-rish In the warmth of hope be-gun. Though no savi-or lights our

11 12 13 14 15



8 long-ging, Not by guilt or shame con-fined Love shall be our com-mon pro-mise, Truth the
blos-som, With a will to shape and tend; May our days be filled with mea-ning, May our
path-way, Still we shine by what we give; In the face of all that pas-ses, Let us

16 17



8 com - pass of the mind.
care - reach with - the out end.
choose the way we we live.